
Title: Yew War-The Beginning

Author: by Grishnak

Darkness covered the
Stormreaver Fort like
a blanket. Grishnak
stood looking over the
walls below him and
pondered. The watch
fires burned low and
the quiet murmuring
of an army asleep
drifted up to his ears.
Nodding to himself,
he turned and
reentered the sanctum
of his tower,
grimacing as his back
twinged in pain.

Settling himself in
his great chair, he
looked at the cow skin
stretched across one
wall, the skin
converted into a map of
the lands surrounding
the fort. Shifting his
weight in his chair,
trying to ease the pain
of age, Grishnak
stared through the
map into the past. A
long way since living
as a street urchin in
Britannia, he now
ruled an empire. It
had taken fourteen
years to reach this
point.

Fourteen years of
struggle. Fourteen
years of toil and war
and preparations for
this one final act.
Grishnak had rallied
the lost Orcs to his
banner, claimed the
ancestral fort, and
proceeded to give

rebirth to the once
proud Orcish nation.
Now the time was at
hand to complete his
great quest. Now was
the time to drive the
Humans and Elves
from the lands of the
Orcs for all time.
Sitting in his revere,
Grishnak
contemplated the
events of the past.
The war with
Moonglow over their
betrayal. The
kidnapping of the dirt
thief Cyan. Carrying
off the Woman in Red
to the depths of
Despise and holding
her there.

At that thought,
Grishnak shuddered,
remembering how she
left him, singed and
bleeding. Other
wounds he felt, more
and more with each
passing year: the scar
on his face from a
Yewbies sword, the
chipped fang from
when Dunedain
challenged him. What
hurt him most of all
were the memories of
Orcs past.

So many lost. So very
many.

Korgath, the mighty
Orc Lord, lost on his
mission to the mines.
Snarfu, slain by the
restless souls of his
vanquished enemies.
Margabud, the first
Orc to answer his cry
for unity. Krog the
Elder, slain defending
the Shame pass.
Durin, the Renegade,
who left the Clan to
seek his own empire.
Dead all these years.

Footsteps on the stairs
behind him pulled
him back to the
present. Turning he
saw Snarg, son of
Snarfu, and the Tribe
leaders Qog and
Fugluk enter the
room. The time was at
hand.

Tomorrow would begin
the final assault on
Yew. In this, there
would be no quarter.
Either Yew would fall
to the Orcs, or the Clan
would shatter itself
trying. Grishnak felt
his age and knew if
the Orcs were to
retake what was
theirs, it would have
to be now, for this
would be Grishnak's
final battle.